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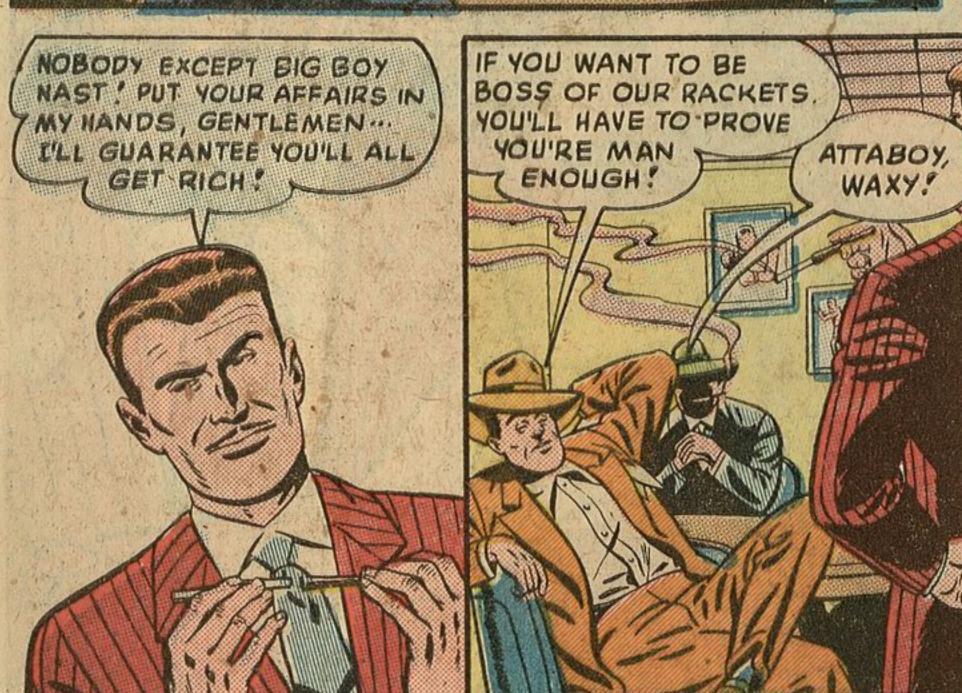
FEATURE COMICS, July, 1949, No. 136. Published monthly by Comic Favorites, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Jesse C. Rogers, Jr., Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.70 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$2.00. Foreign \$2.50. Enstanford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Jesse C. Rogers, Jr., Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.70 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$2.00. Foreign \$2.50. Enstered as second class matter August 20, 1937 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are tered as second class matter August 20, 1937 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are tered as second class matter August 20, 1937 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are tered as second class matter August 20, 1937 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are tered as second class matter August 20, 1937 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are tered as second class matter August 20, 1937 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are tered as second class matter August 20, 1937 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are tered as second class matter August 20, 1937 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are tered as second class matter August 20, 1937 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters are tered as second class matter August 20, 1937 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters are tered as second class matter August 20, 193



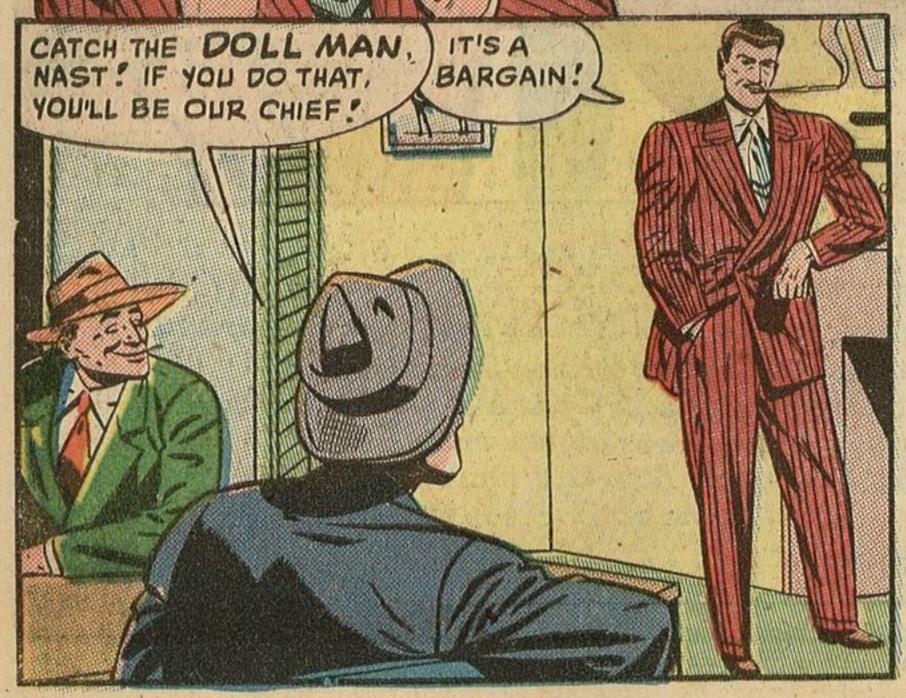
Big Boy Nest was a clever crock a genius at evil doing! In spite of all the police could do, he might have carried out his plan to reorganize the underworld. But Nast never learned one important fact! Because he didn't know Darrel Dame, brillant young scientist was also the DOLL MAN, Big Boy's empire of crime collapsed in the face of law and order! Only Dr. Roberts and his daughter Martha share the secret of the DOLL MAN, pint-sized protagonist for the forces of good!





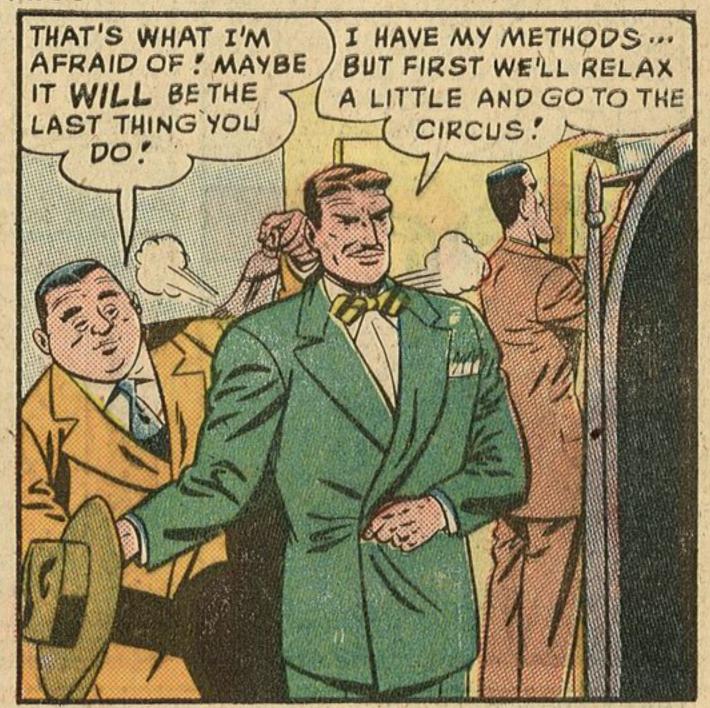


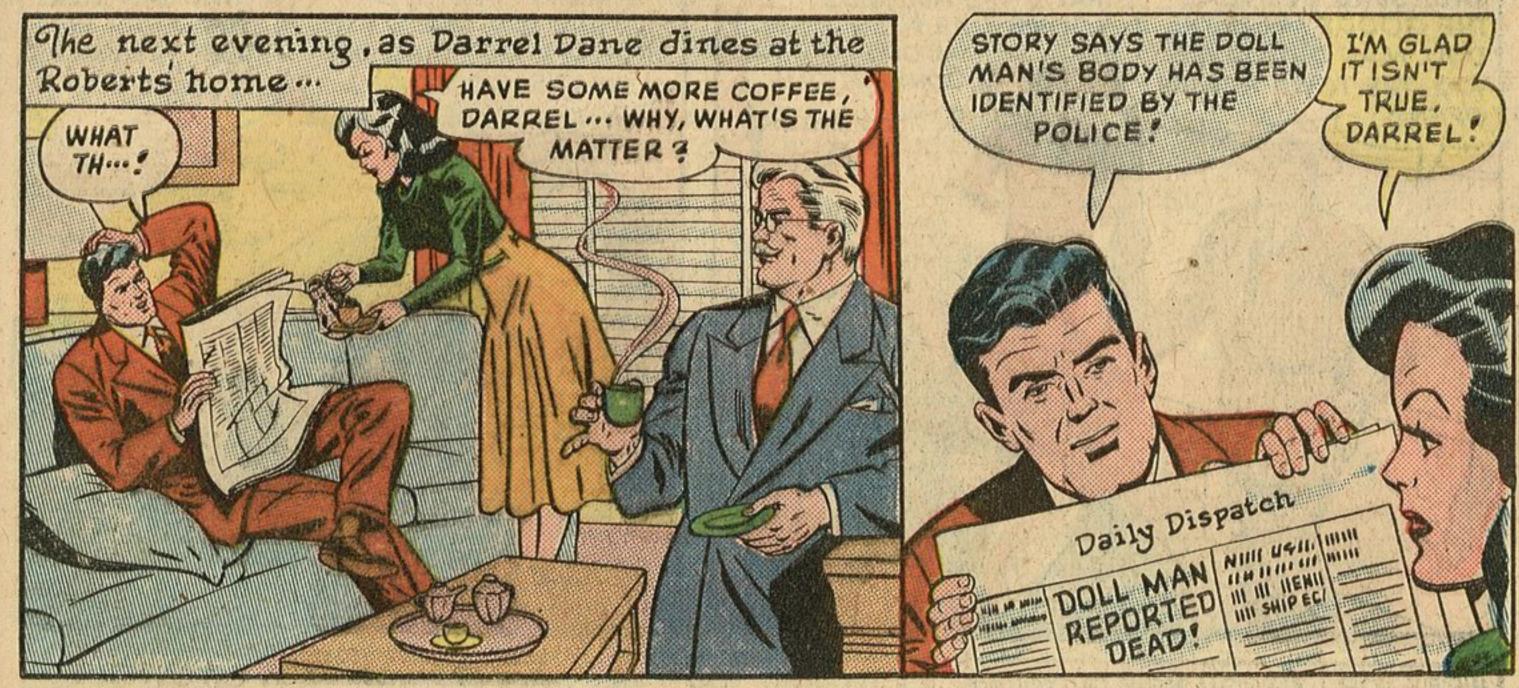




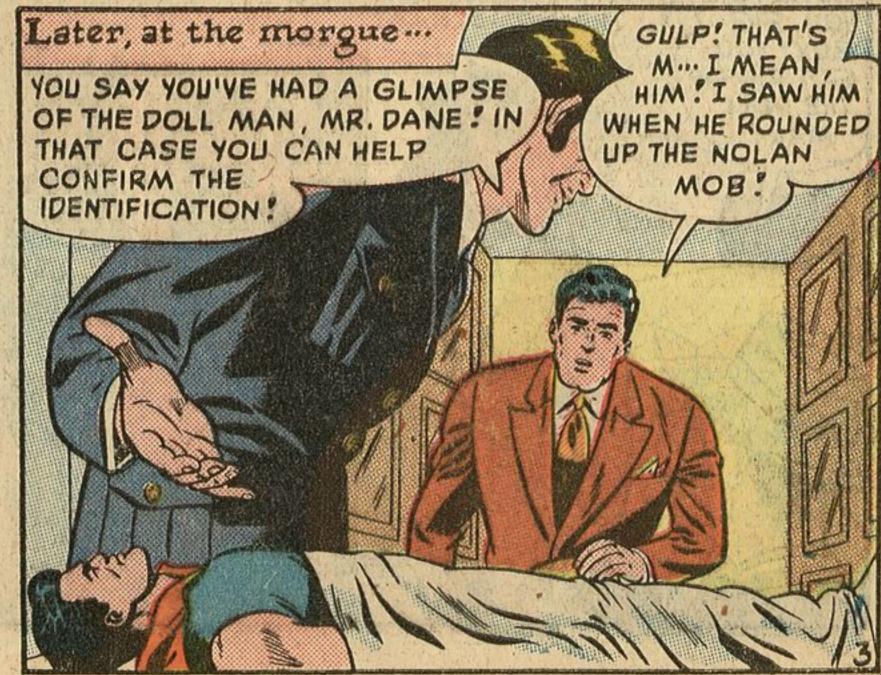






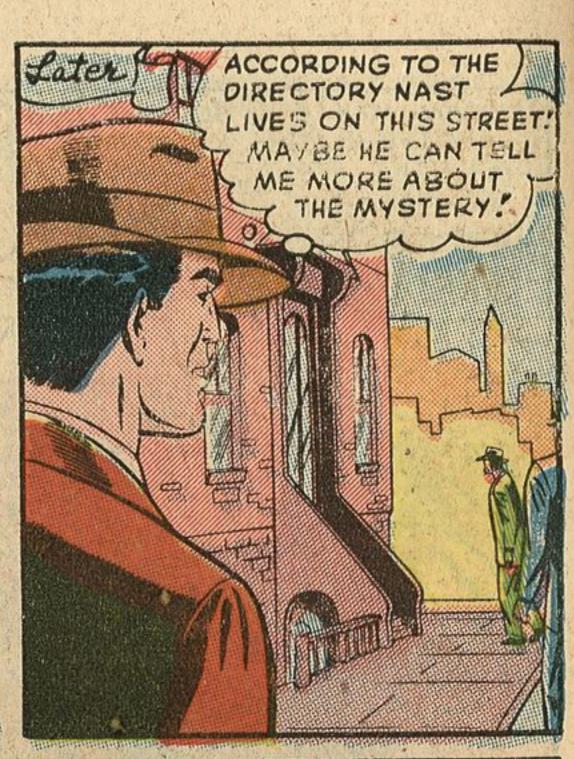








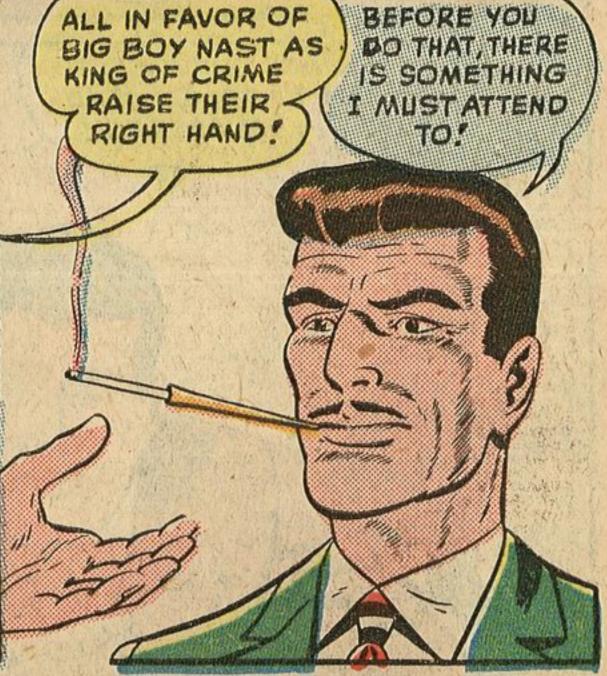




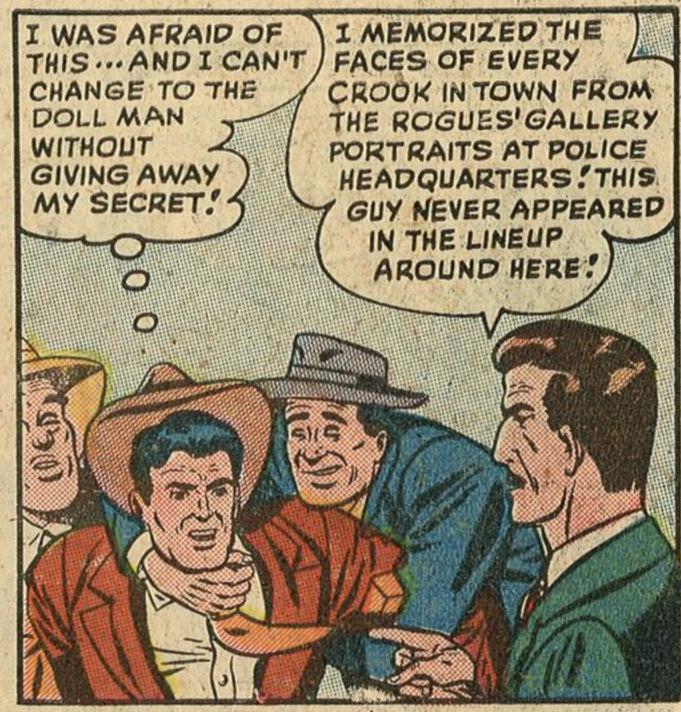






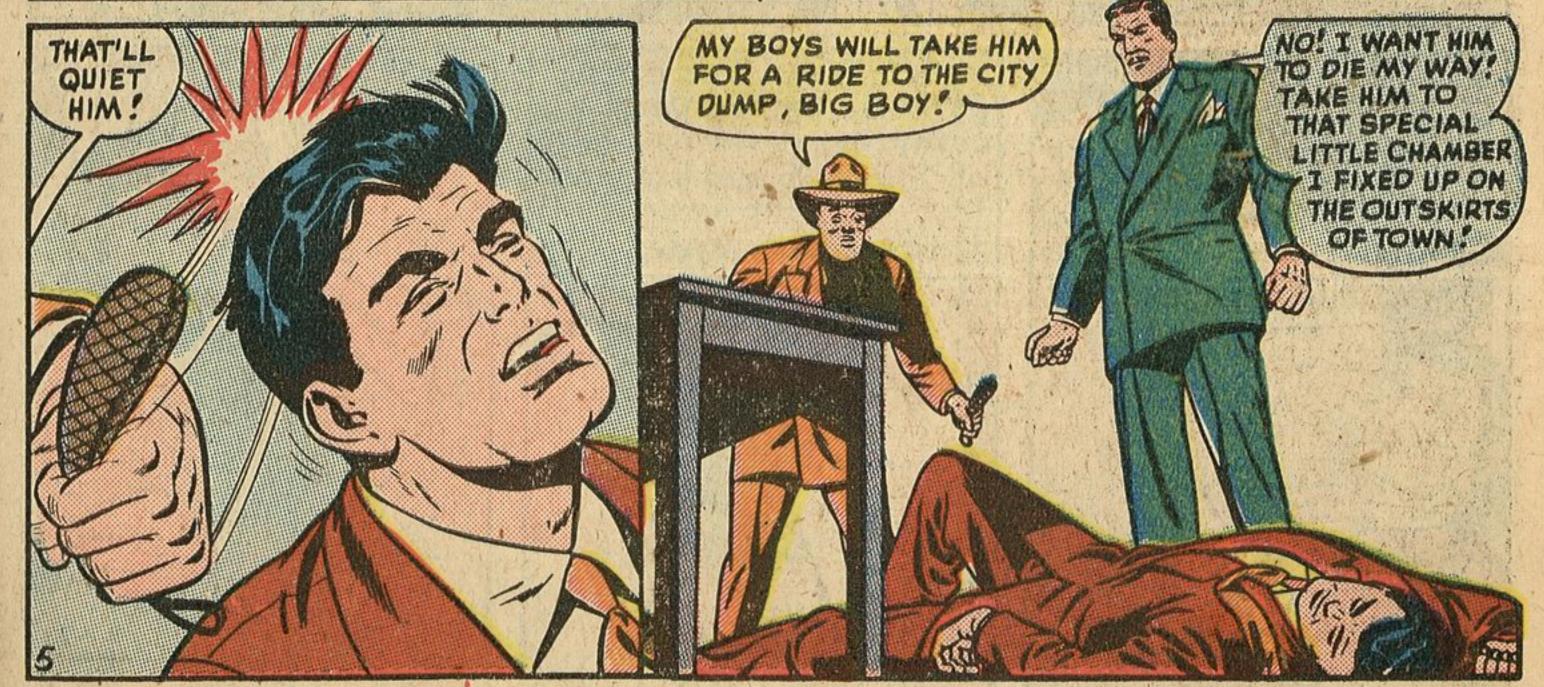


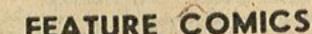


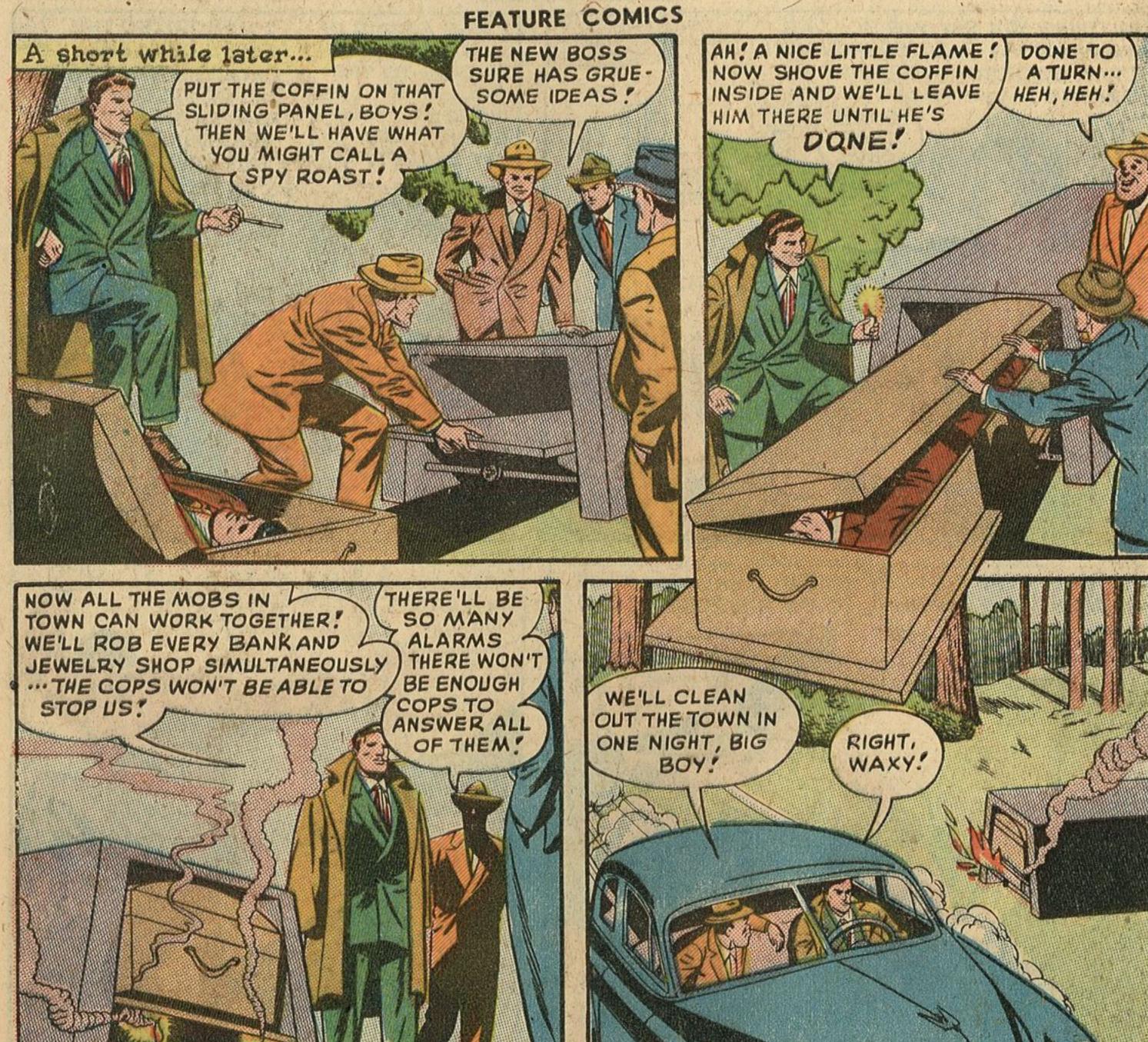














By a tremendous effort of will, Darrel Dane compresses the molecules of his body and becomes that half-pint hercules... the DOLL MAN!



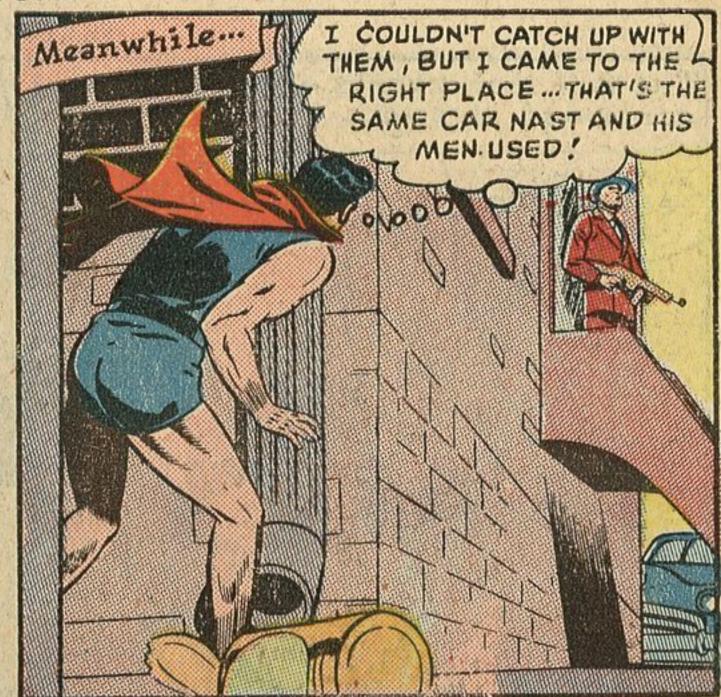










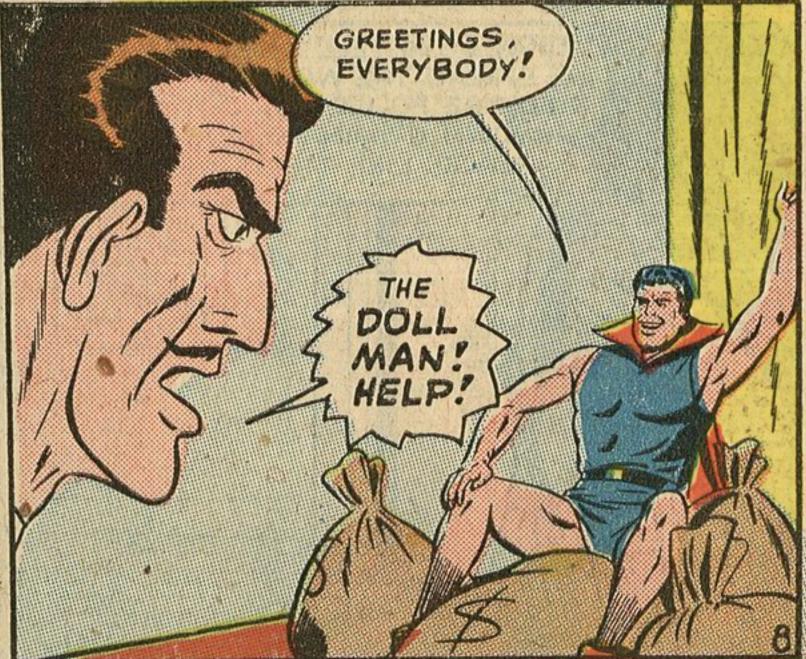


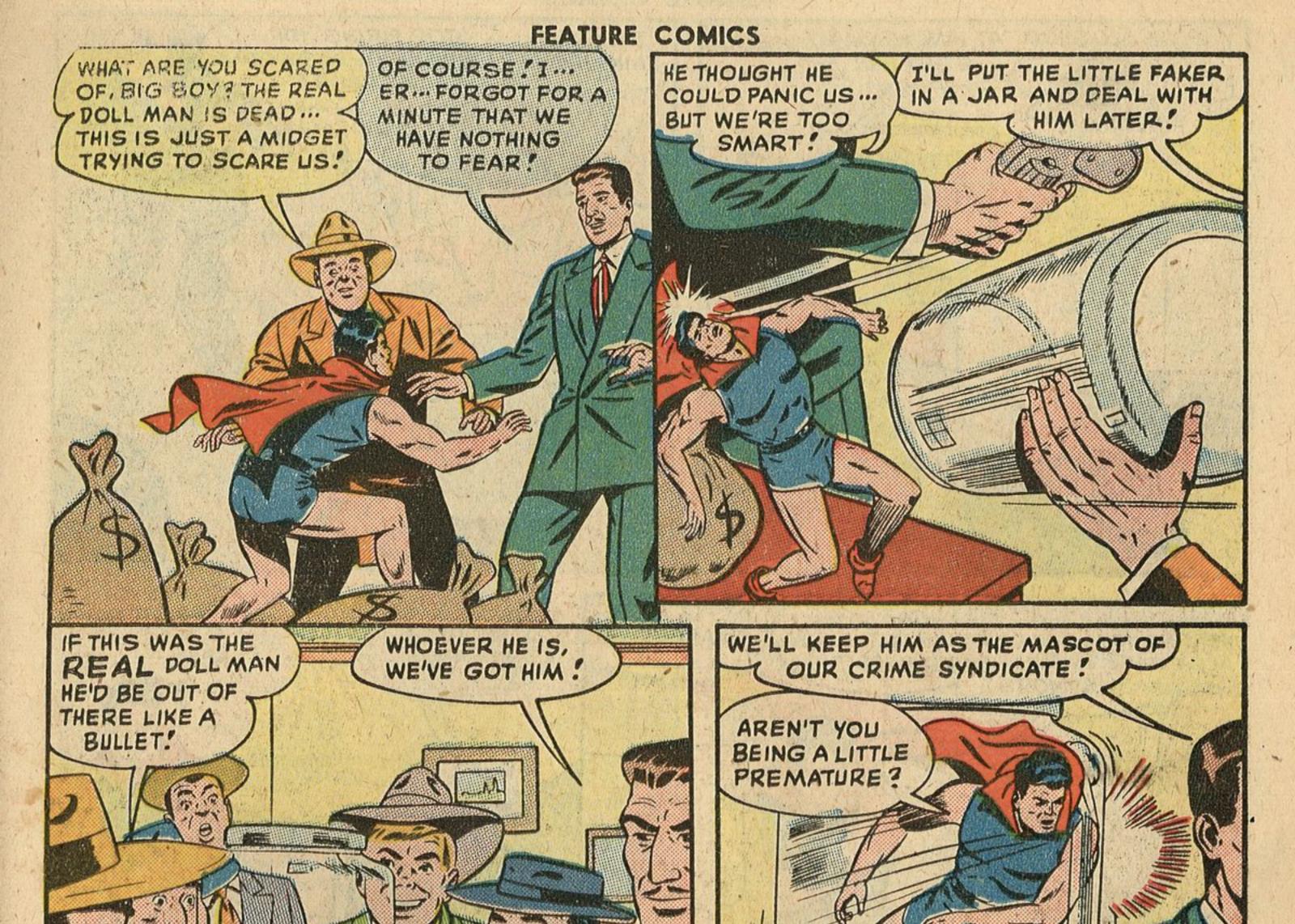


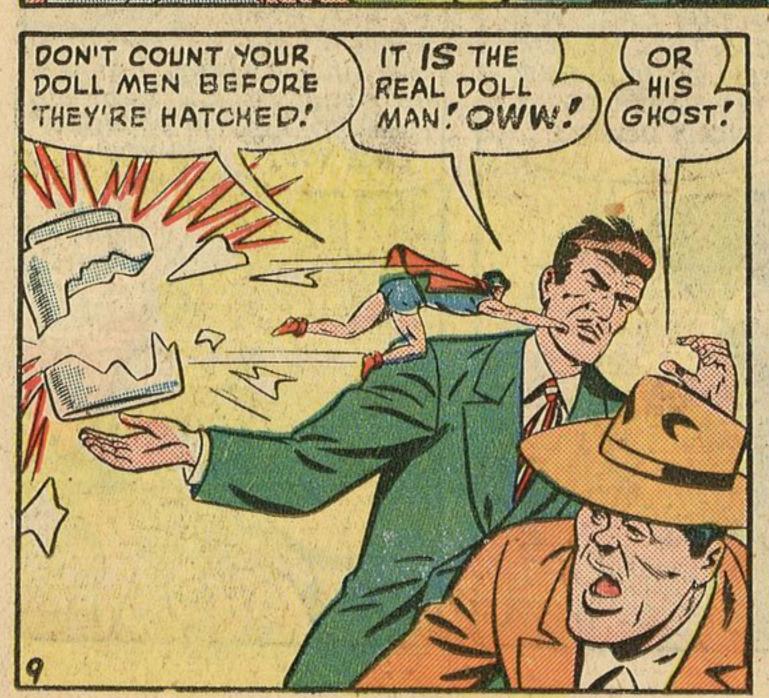


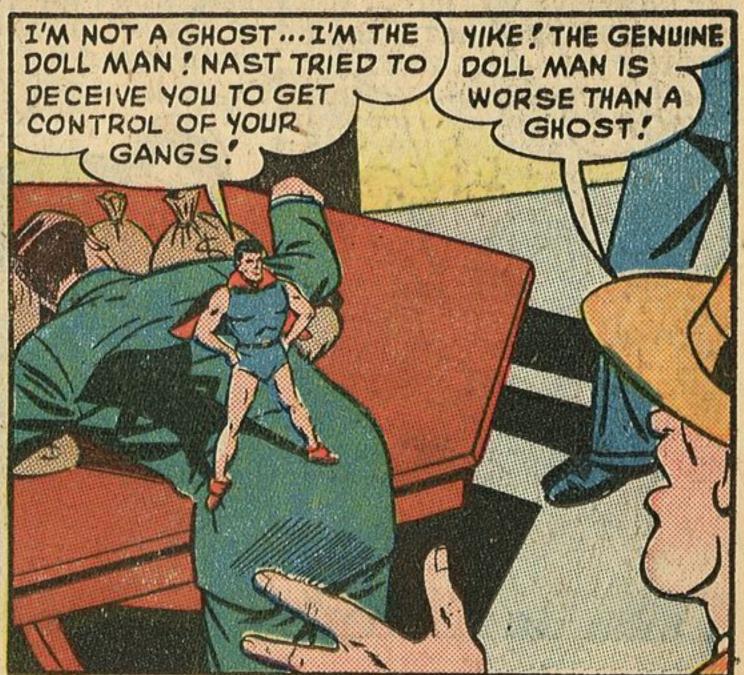












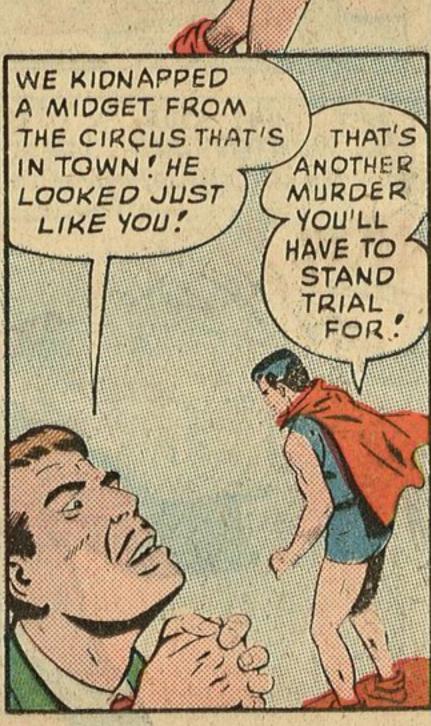


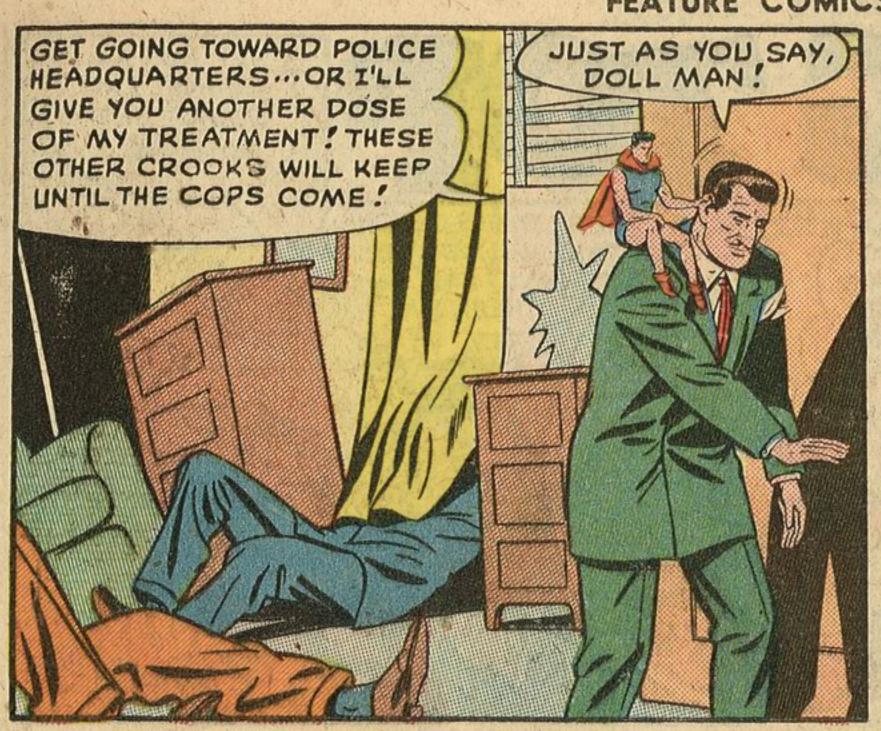












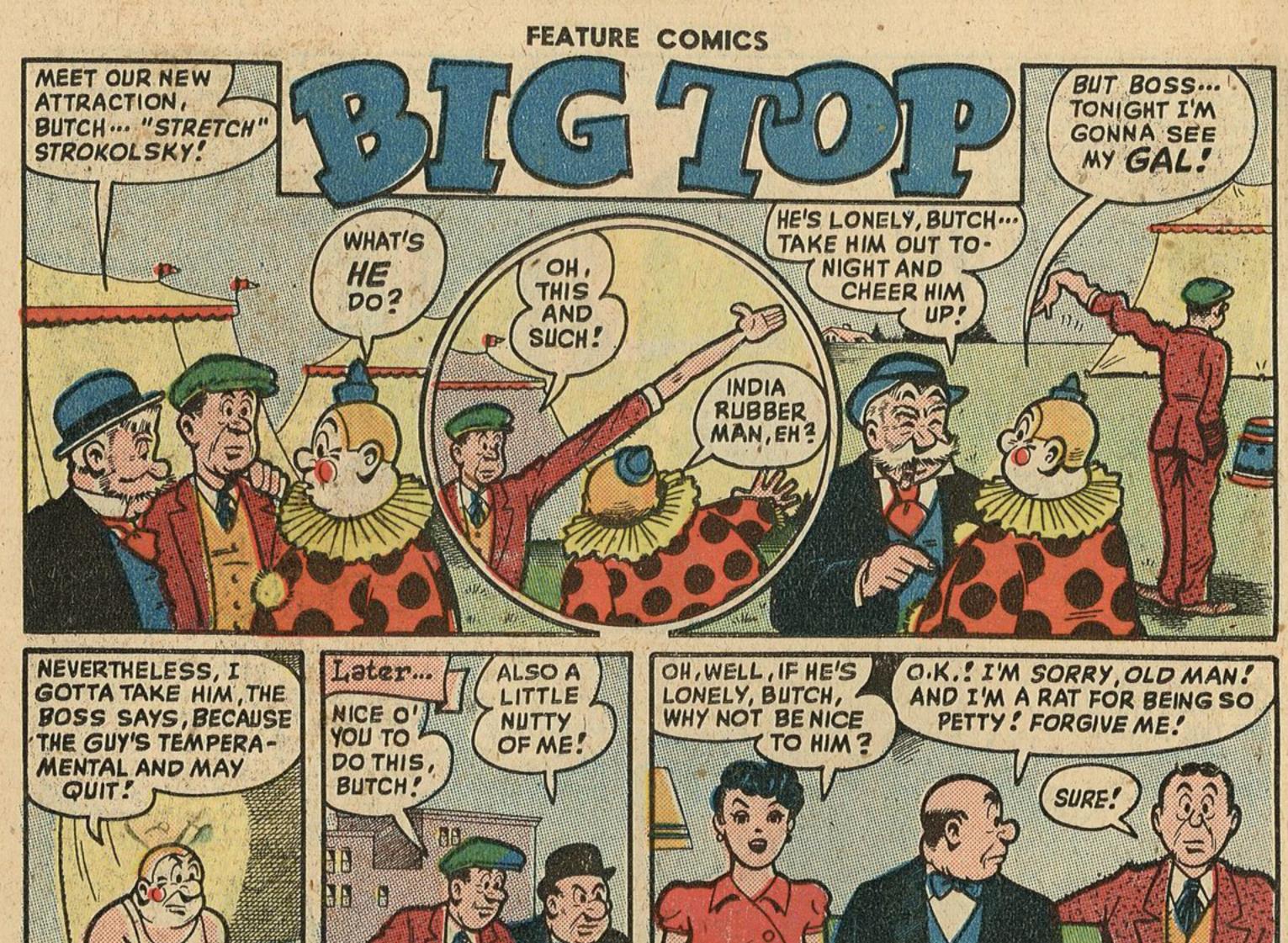


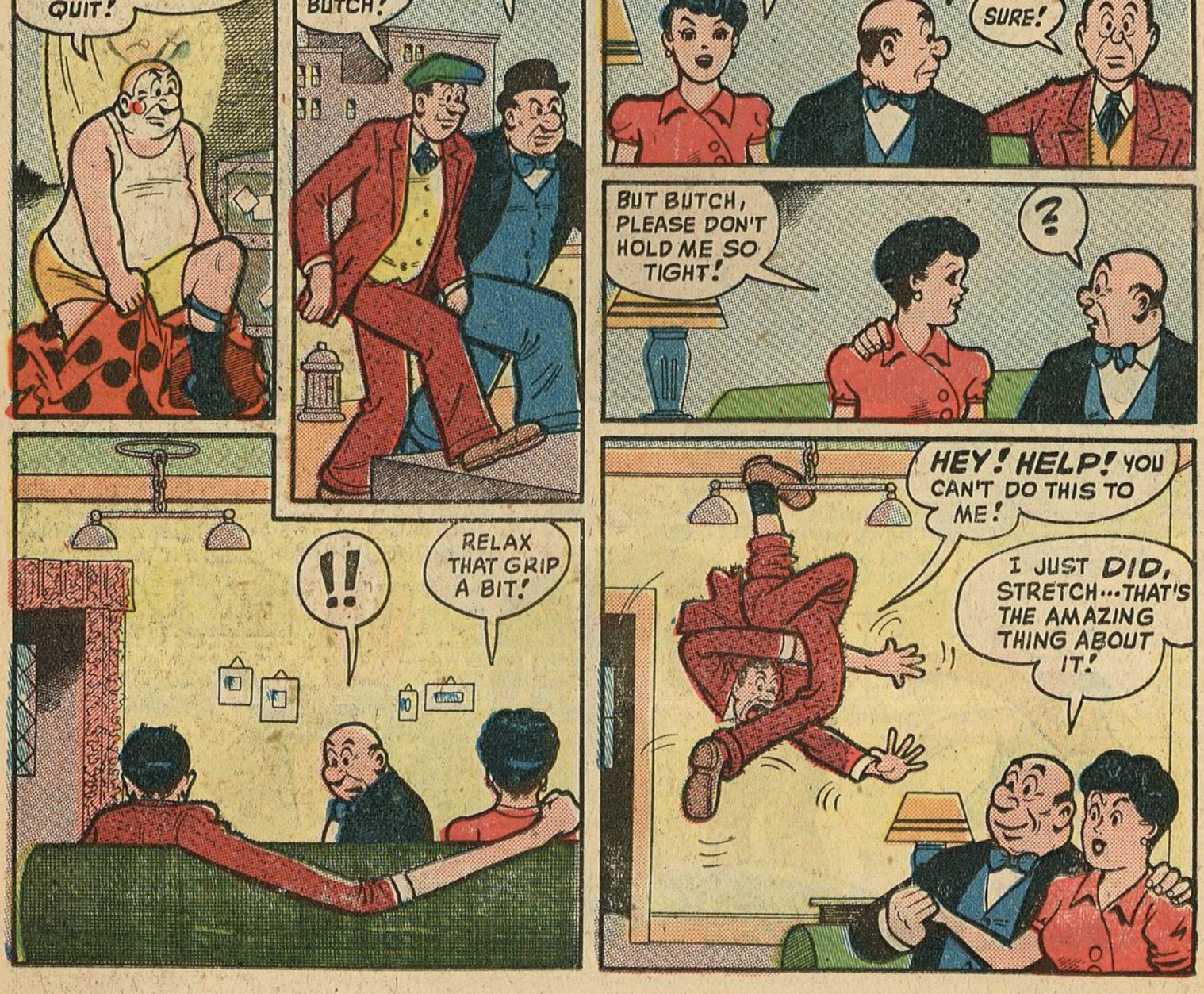




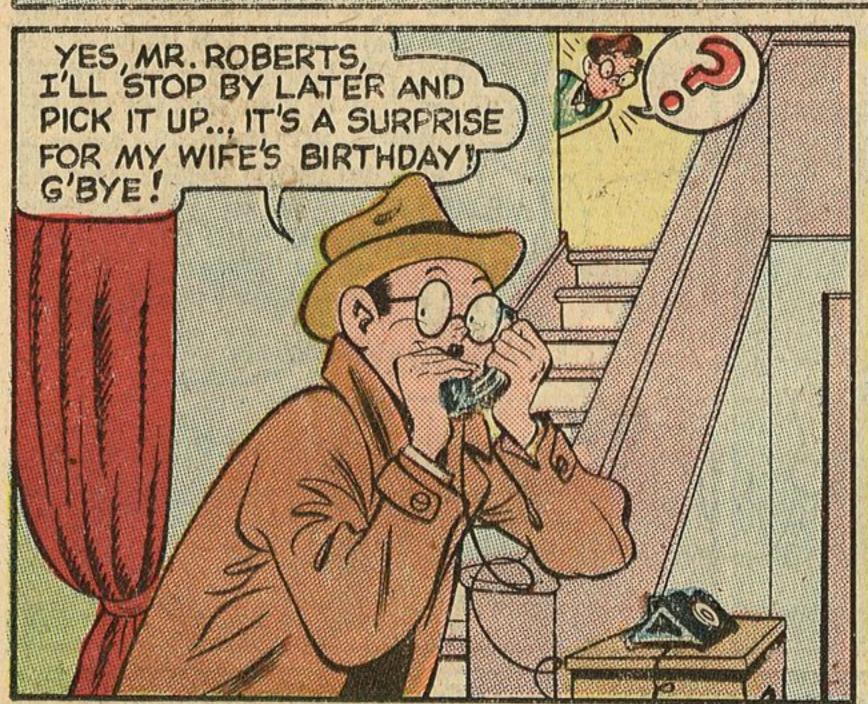














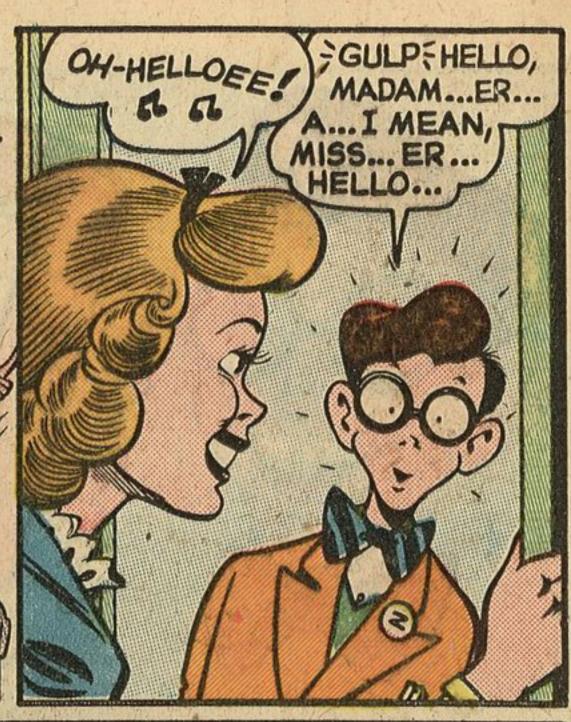


GOSH ... I KNOW! LAST SUMMER

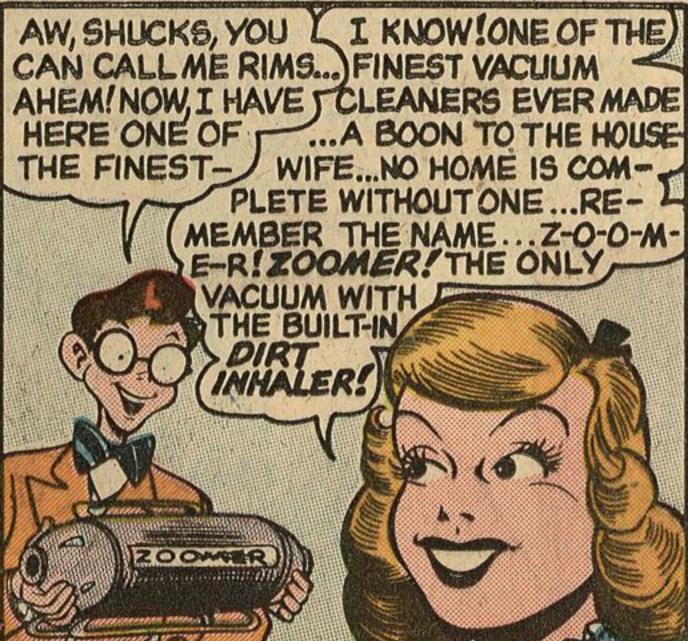


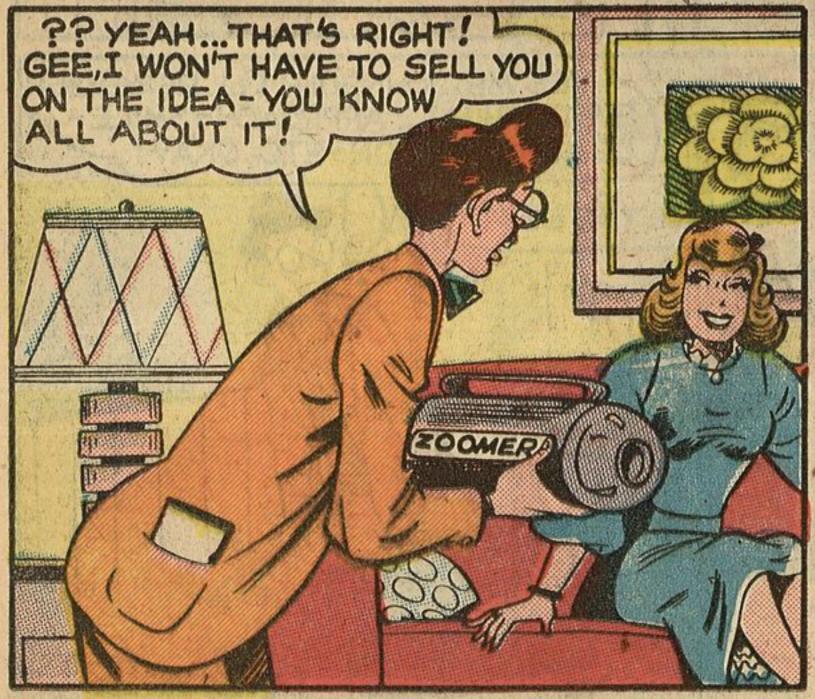


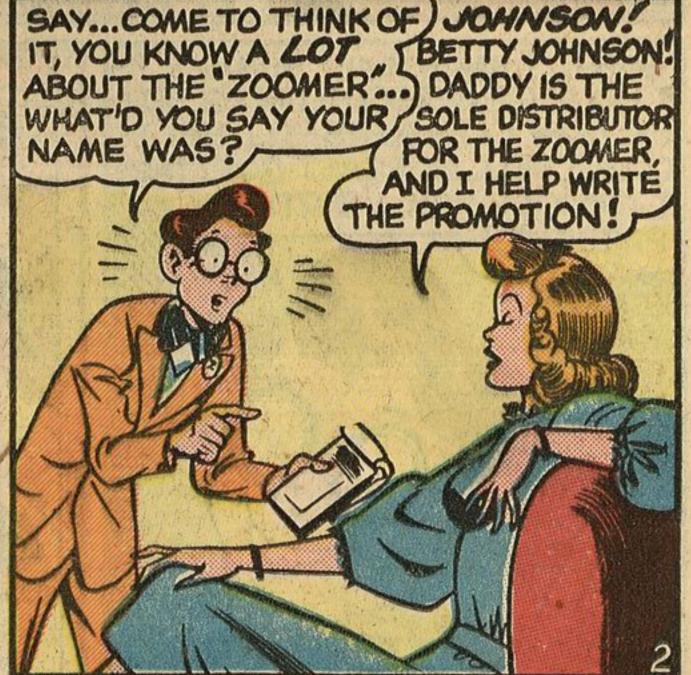




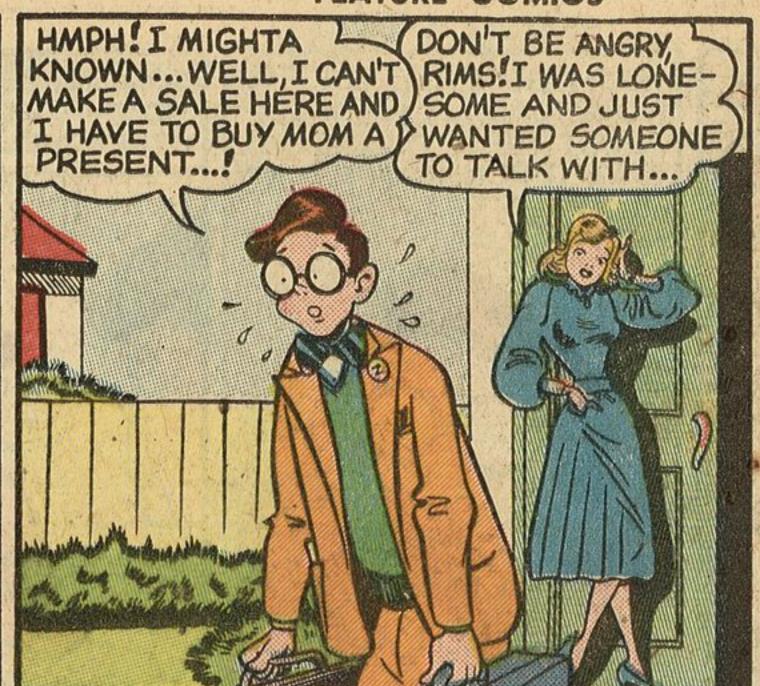
















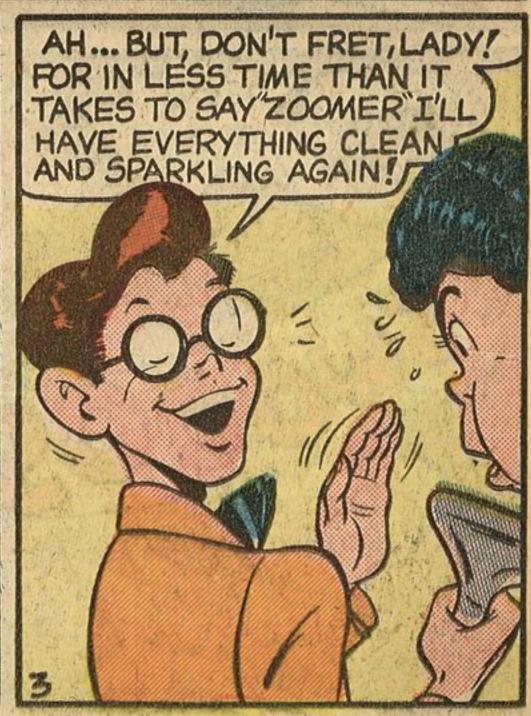


OH...THESE RUGS ARE CLEAN!
I CAN'T DEMONSTRATE ON CLEAN RUGS, CAN I ? OF COURSE NOT... BY CO-INCIDENCE I HAVE WITH ME A BAG OF DIRT...





... WHICH I SPRINKLE FREELY

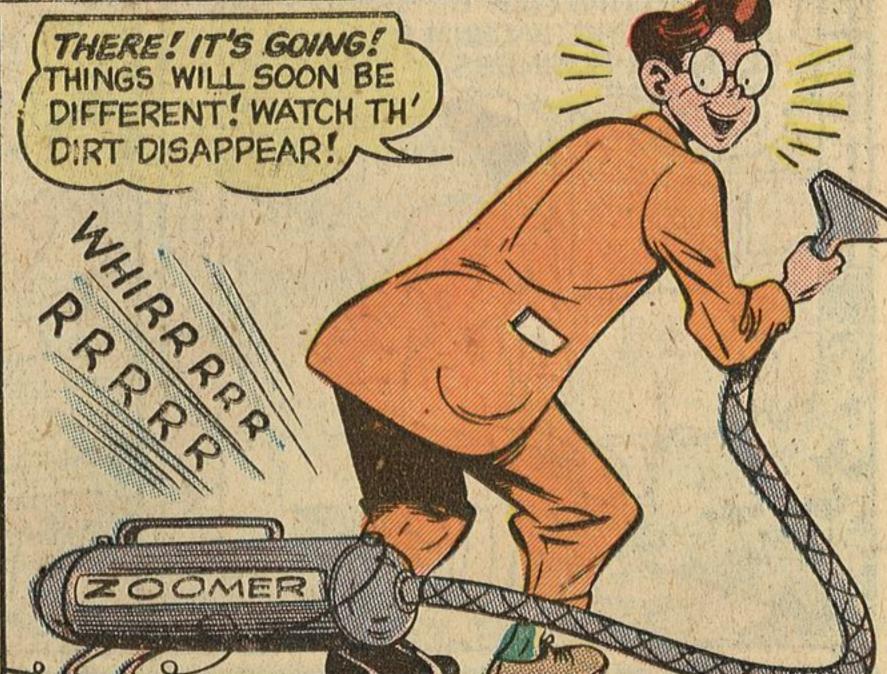


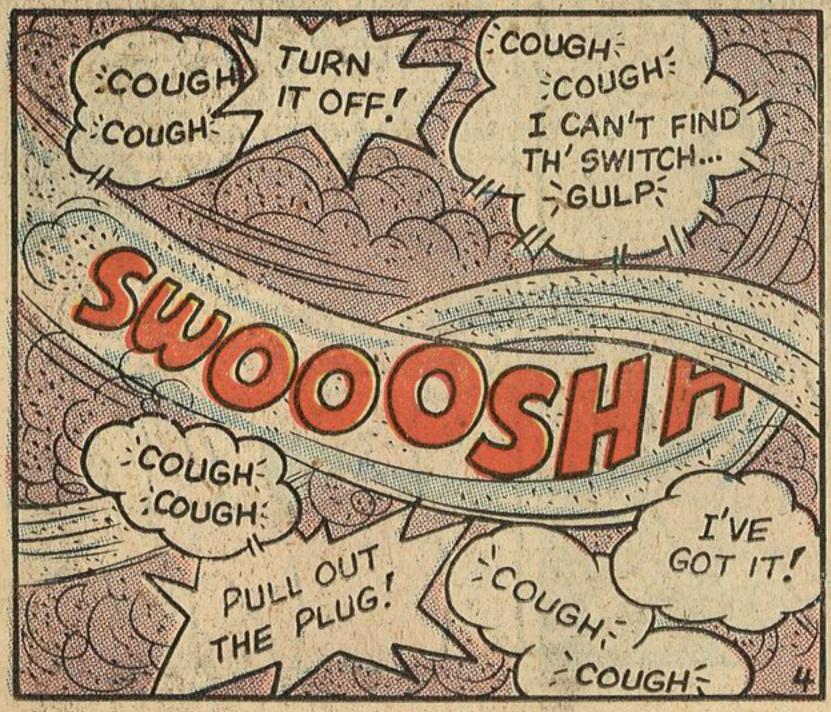






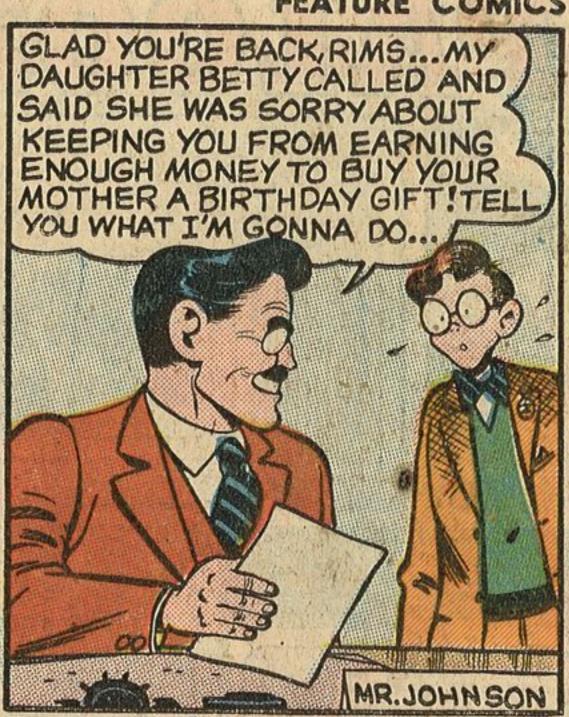


















WHAT'S THAT, EMERSON?







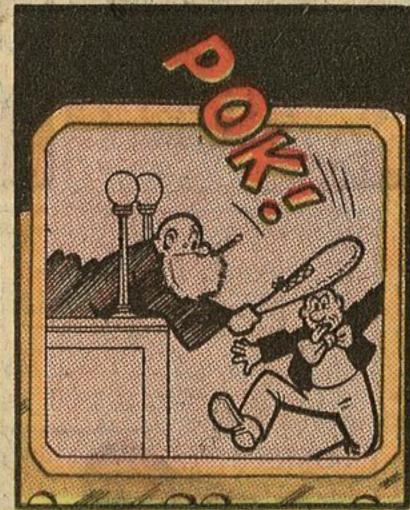






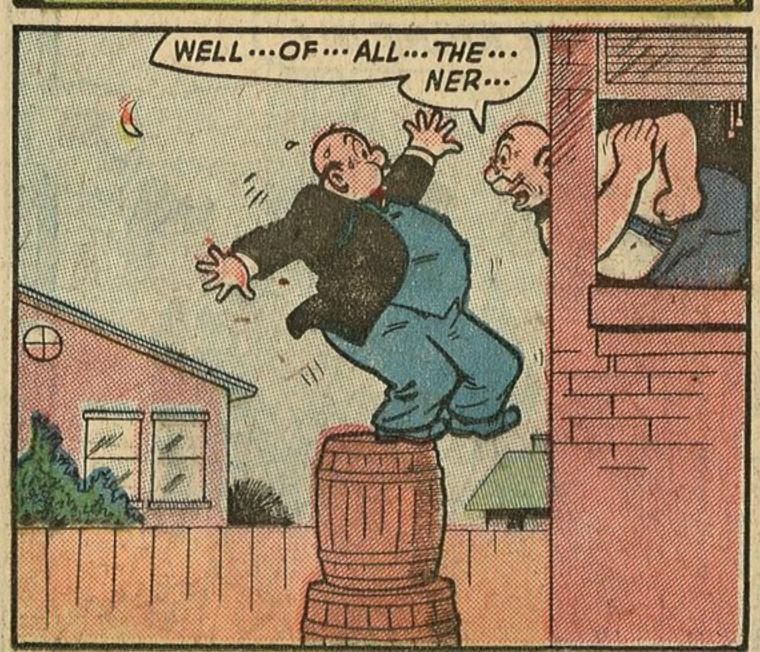




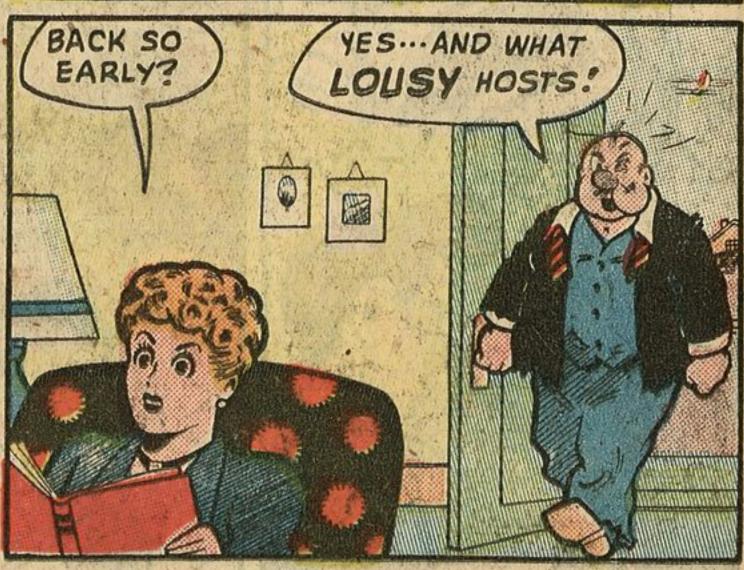














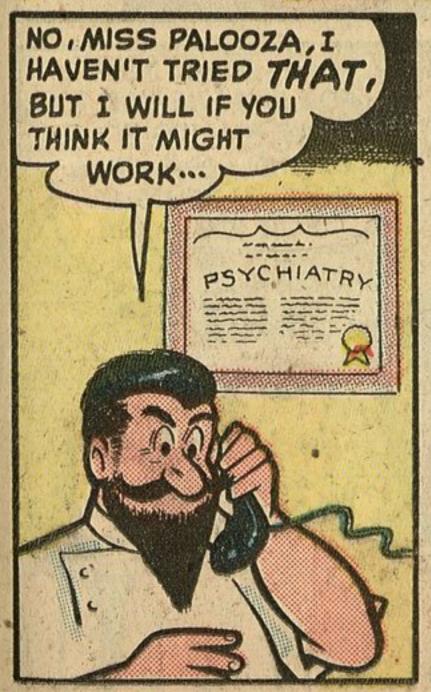




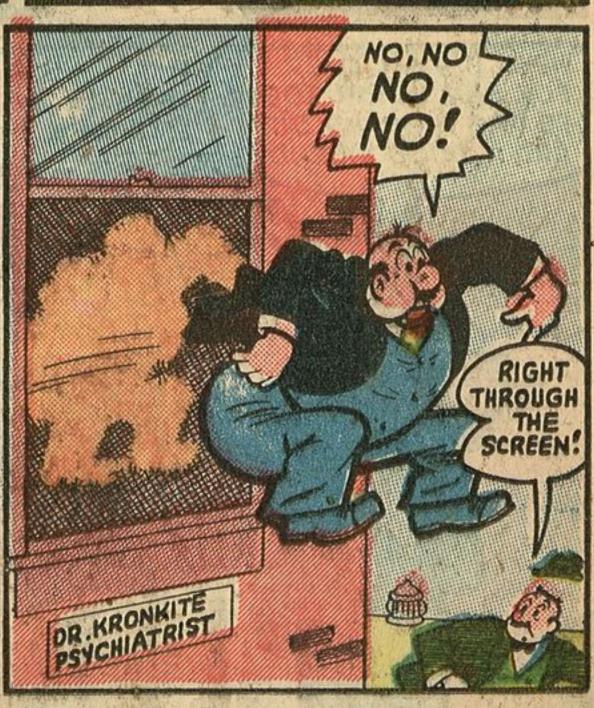
















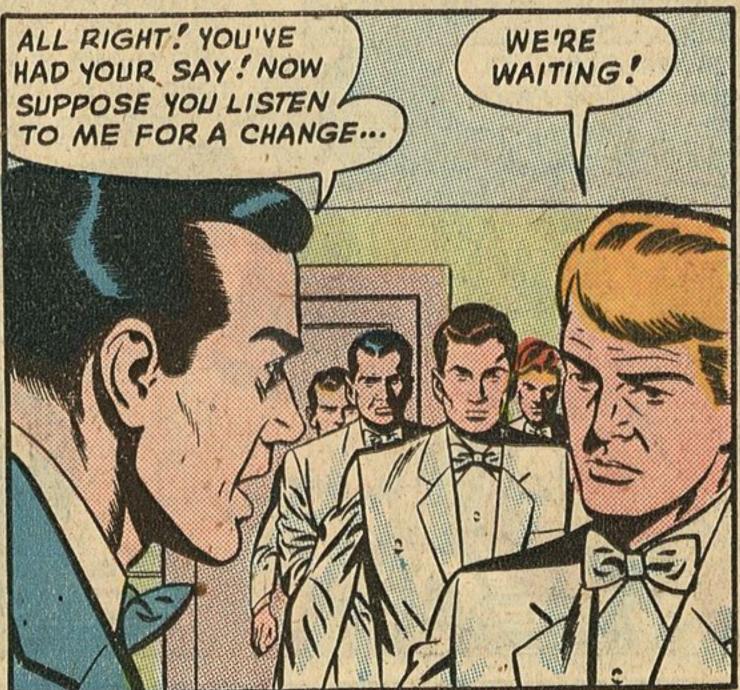




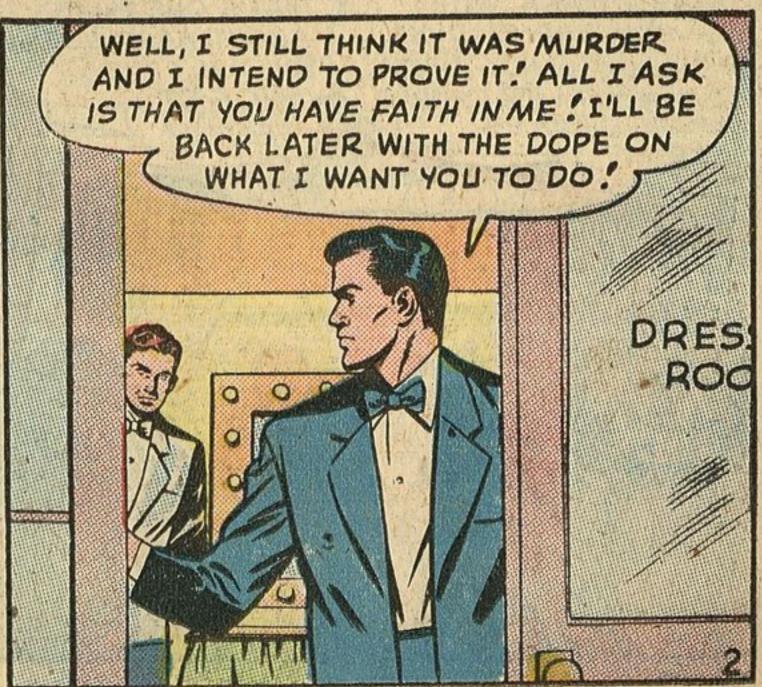










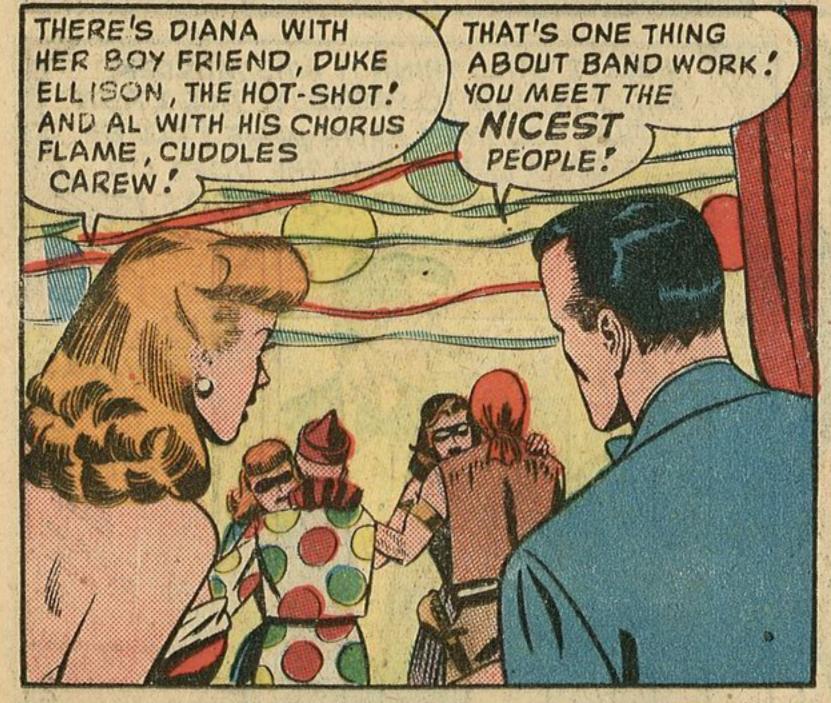
























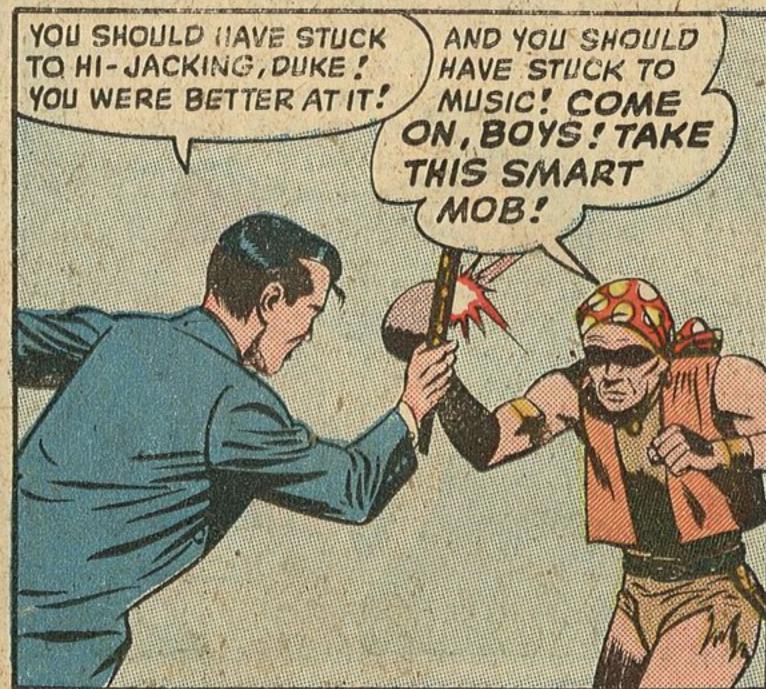




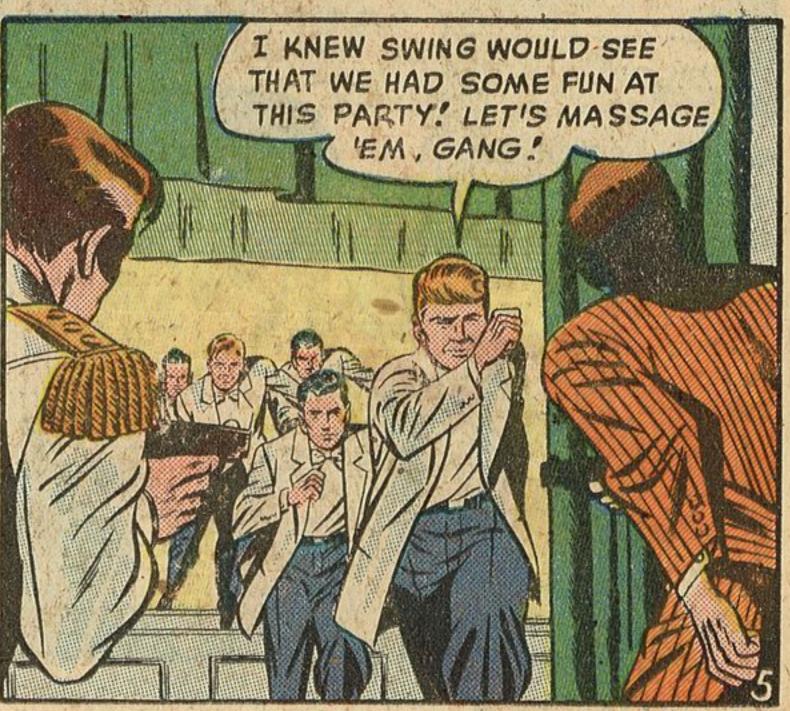


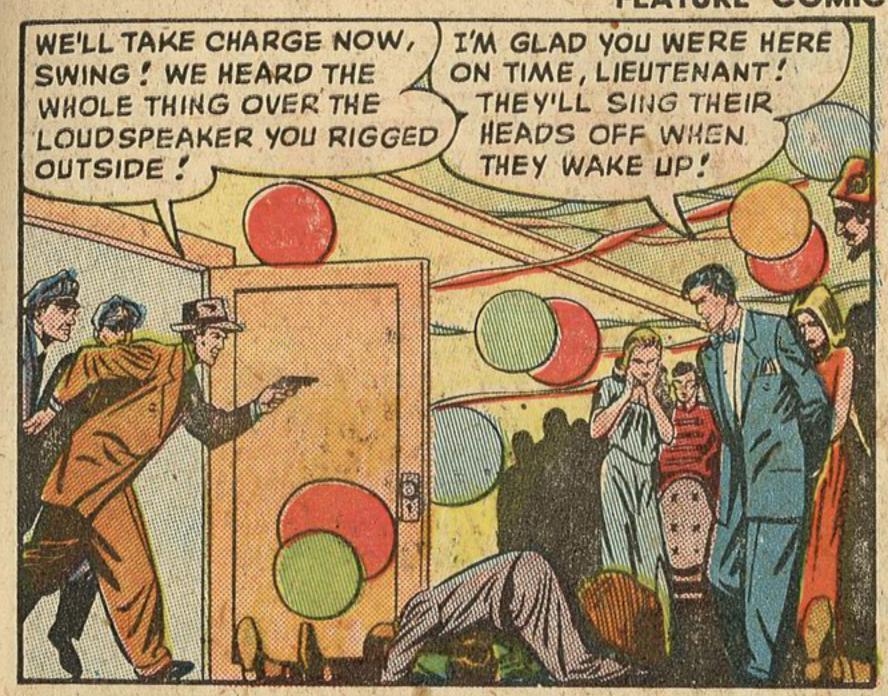










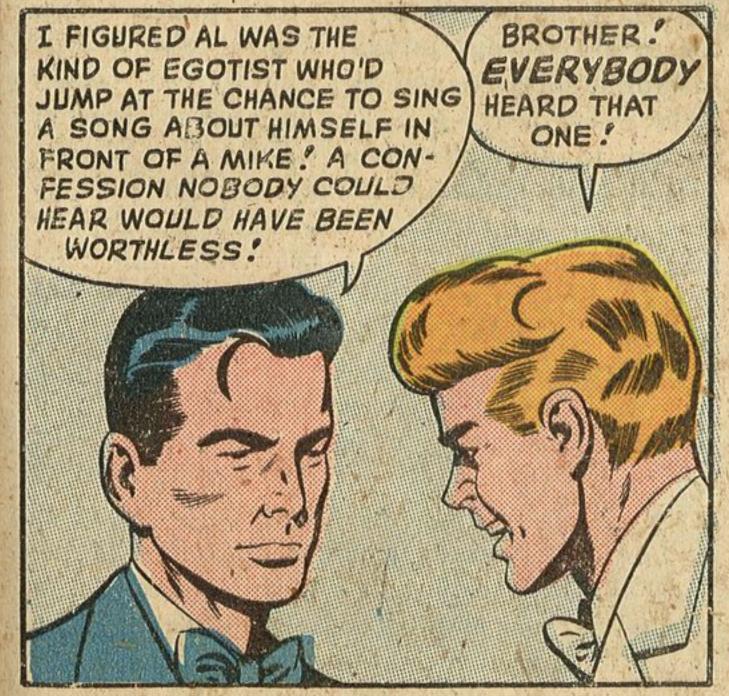




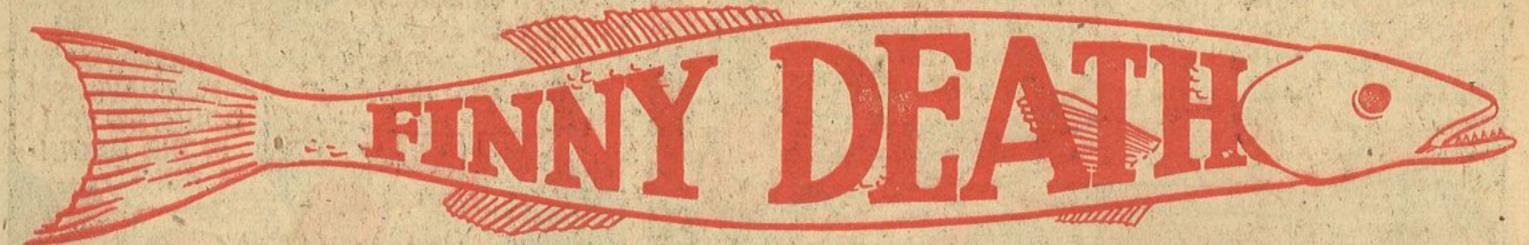












MARTHA ROBERTS jabbed the doorbell of the palatial Valdez mansion for the third time. "This time I'm getting my story," she

said angrily.

Her escert, Darrel Dane, looked down at her, frowning. "Maybe we'll both get what we're after," he said. "The Customs Department asked me to drop in to see Valdez. It seems a few of their agents have disappeared before or after coming here."

They fell silent as the heavy oak door swung wide. A tall, cadaverous butler droned, "You may come in, Miss Roberts. Senor Valdez is in

the library."

Darrel was following Martha toward the library when the butler barred his way. "Only the young lady," he said. "You may wait here in the entrance hall."

Darrel shrugged and sat down in a high-back-

ed chair facing the library door.

At that moment Martha entered the large, dark-paneled room and the butler closed the door from the outside. A short, broad-shouldered man rose from behind a desk and walked the few steps to meet her. "You must pardon my caution, Miss Roberts," he said in a smooth, slightly accented voice, "but I am constantly troubled by people who are not what they pretend. I took the liberty of checking your identity after your visit yesterday."

"That's perfectly all right," Martha replied coolly, taking the chair offered her. "I can assure you I only want a story on your importing

business."

Senor Valdez stood behind the desk, resting his hands on its top. He stared hard at the seated girl. "Suppose you tell me," he said softly, "your real reason for coming to this house and

bringing your friend Darrel Dane."

When Martha started to protest, Valdez held up a large hand. "You do not need to explain. I know that your fiance is active in police work. I'm afraid," he continued menacingly, "that you take me for a complete fool, Miss Roberts. Come," he said, rising and taking her arm. "You wish to see my collection of tropical fish. I have an unusual species in the next room."

Frightened, Martha pulled away from Valdez and started toward the door "Darrel," she

cried

The library door burst open and Darrel Dane

came resolutely into the room. He had taken but a step when a hand gripping a blackjack swung in a vicious arc behind him. He tumbled limply to the soft carpet.

"Good work, Morgan," Valdez said. "Get Gomez and tie our friend up. I want to give Miss Roberts a demonstration of what happens to

spies."

Valdez forced the struggling girl through an archway and into another room. In the center of a tile floor was a large pool, in which a school of small, perch-like fish swam restlessly.

"They are hungry," Valdez said with satisfaction. "These pirrahnas can reduce a horse to a mere skeleton in a matter of minutes. I don't think Mr. Dane will last long. Do you,

my dear?"

The butler and Gomez entered the room, bearing the tightly bound body of the now-conscious Darrel Dane. At Valdez' order they moved close to the edge of the pool and started swinging their prisoner back, preparatory to pitching him into the water.

On the back-swing Darrel Dane, using his tremendous will, condensed the molecules of his body to become the redoubtable Doll Man. As the men swung their burden forward Doll Man fought free of the now loose ropes and fell to the edge of the pool. The momentum carried the men forward.

With a desperate scream they plunged into the pool of savage pirrahnas. Doll Man at this instant climbed to his feet and started toward Valdez. The heavy man's attention was diverted enough to allow Martha to wrench free of him.

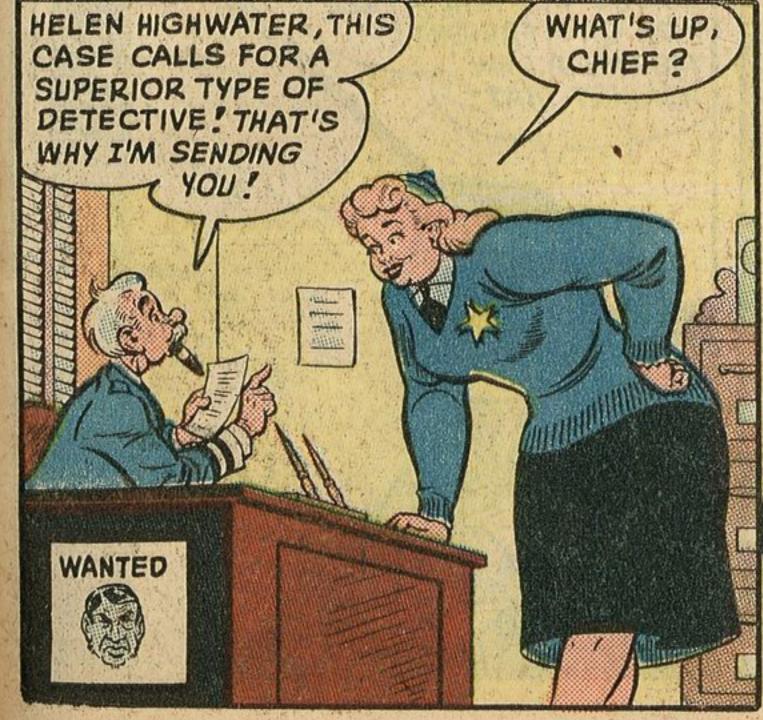
Doll Man advanced grimly on Valdez, who took an involuntary step backward. He slipped and teetered on the glassy tile. Doll Man tried to save him from falling but before he could reach him Valdez, too, had disappeared in the swiring water of the pool.

It was later when Darrel Dane led the whitefaced Martha home "That was horrible," she sobbed.

"Yes," Darrel agreed. "But Valdez died as he had killed others who got too close to the truth that the tropical fish business was merely a blind for his more profitable smuggling. The metal tanks used for shipping the fish made excellent hiding places for contraband such as diamonds and dope."

SHAMANIGAN





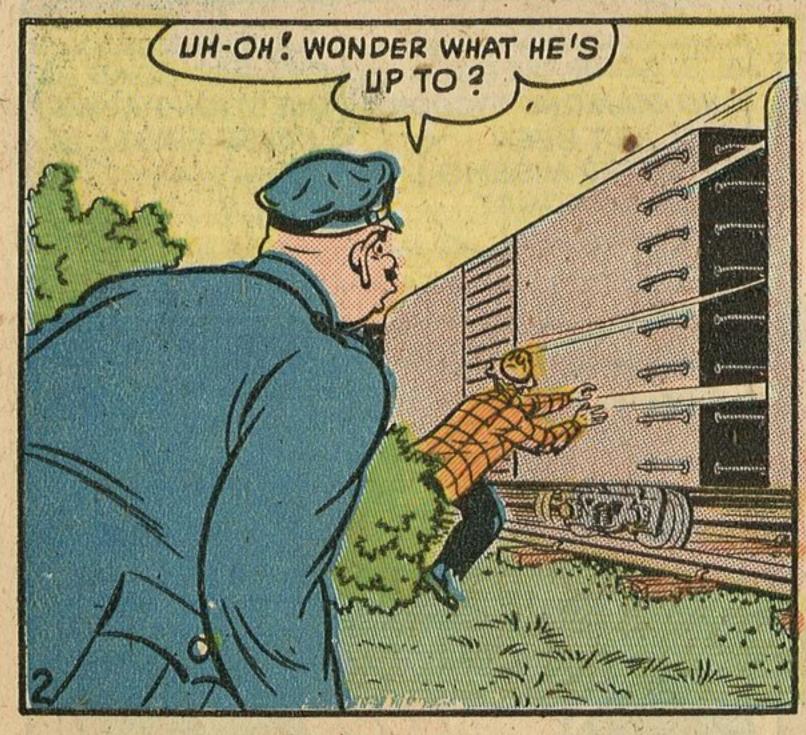




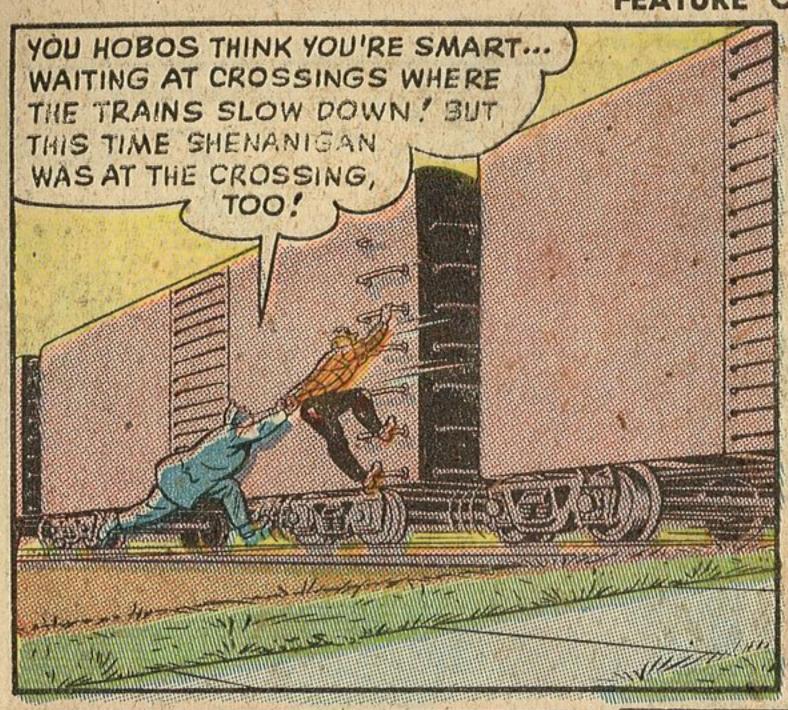














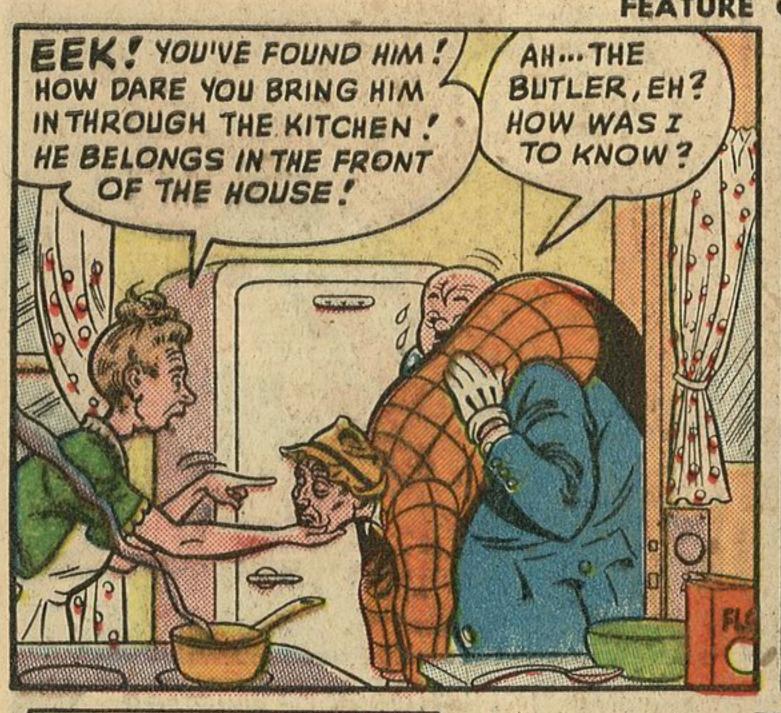




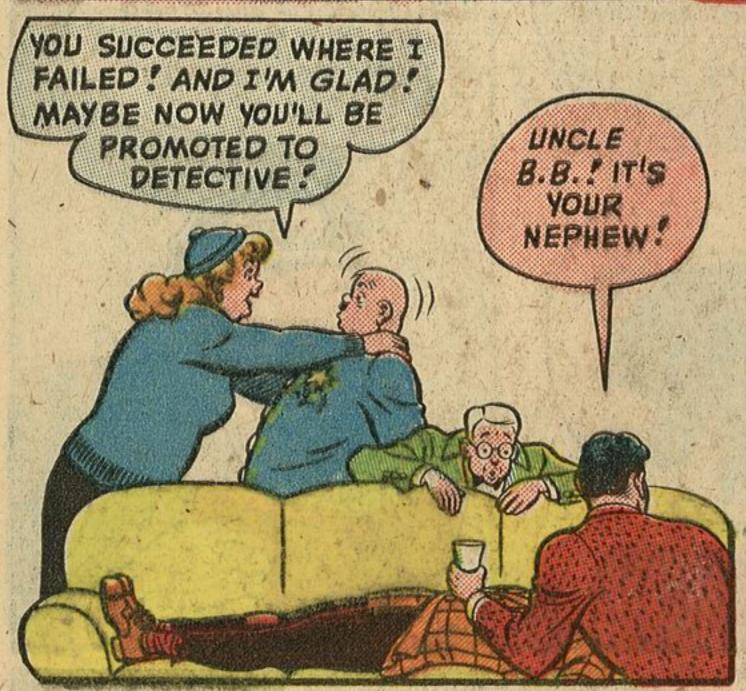












JUST WHEN





UNCLE B.B., HOW

BETTER SIGN THE
PARTNERSHIP PAPERS
NOW! NO TELLING
WHEN YOU MIGHT
DECIDE TO DISAPPEAR AGAIN!

ALL RIGHT. YOU'RE ASKING * FOR IT!



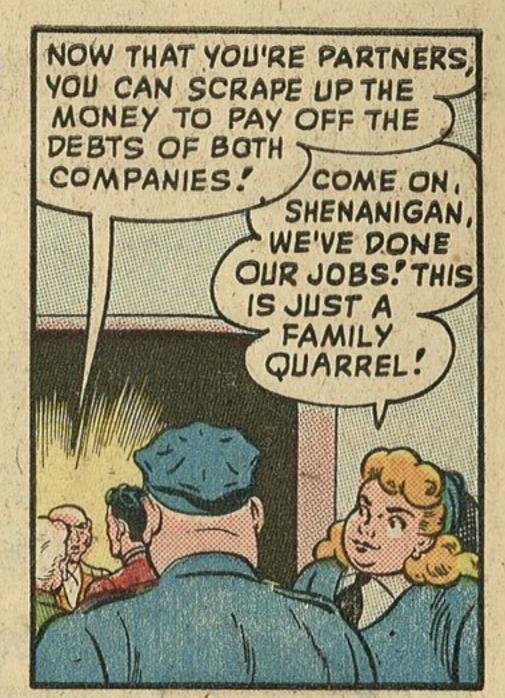


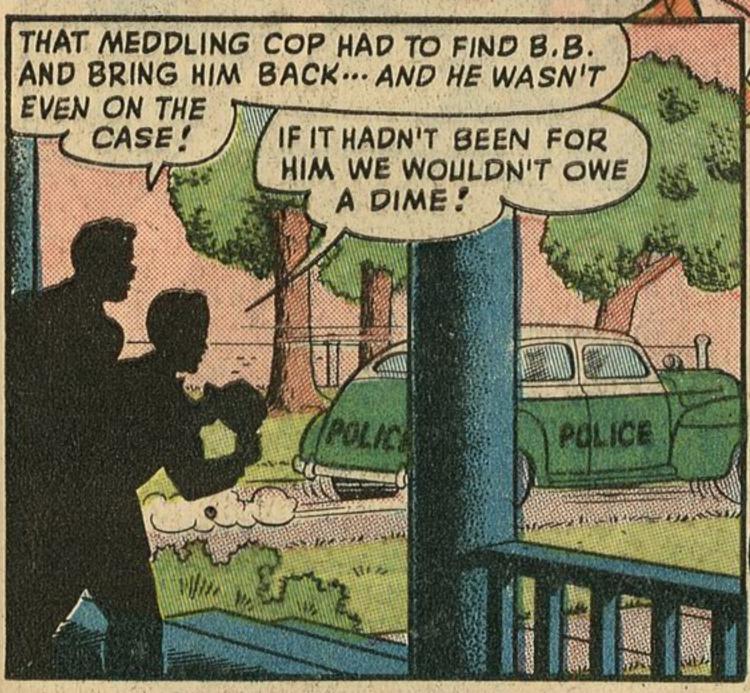




I WANTED TO SPARE YOU THE DISGRACE OF HAVING A BANK-RUPT RELATIVE, SO I TRIED TO RUN AWAY AS A TRAMP!
BUT YOU WERE SO EAGER
TO BECOME PARTNERS YOU HAD TO NOTIFY THE POLICE!





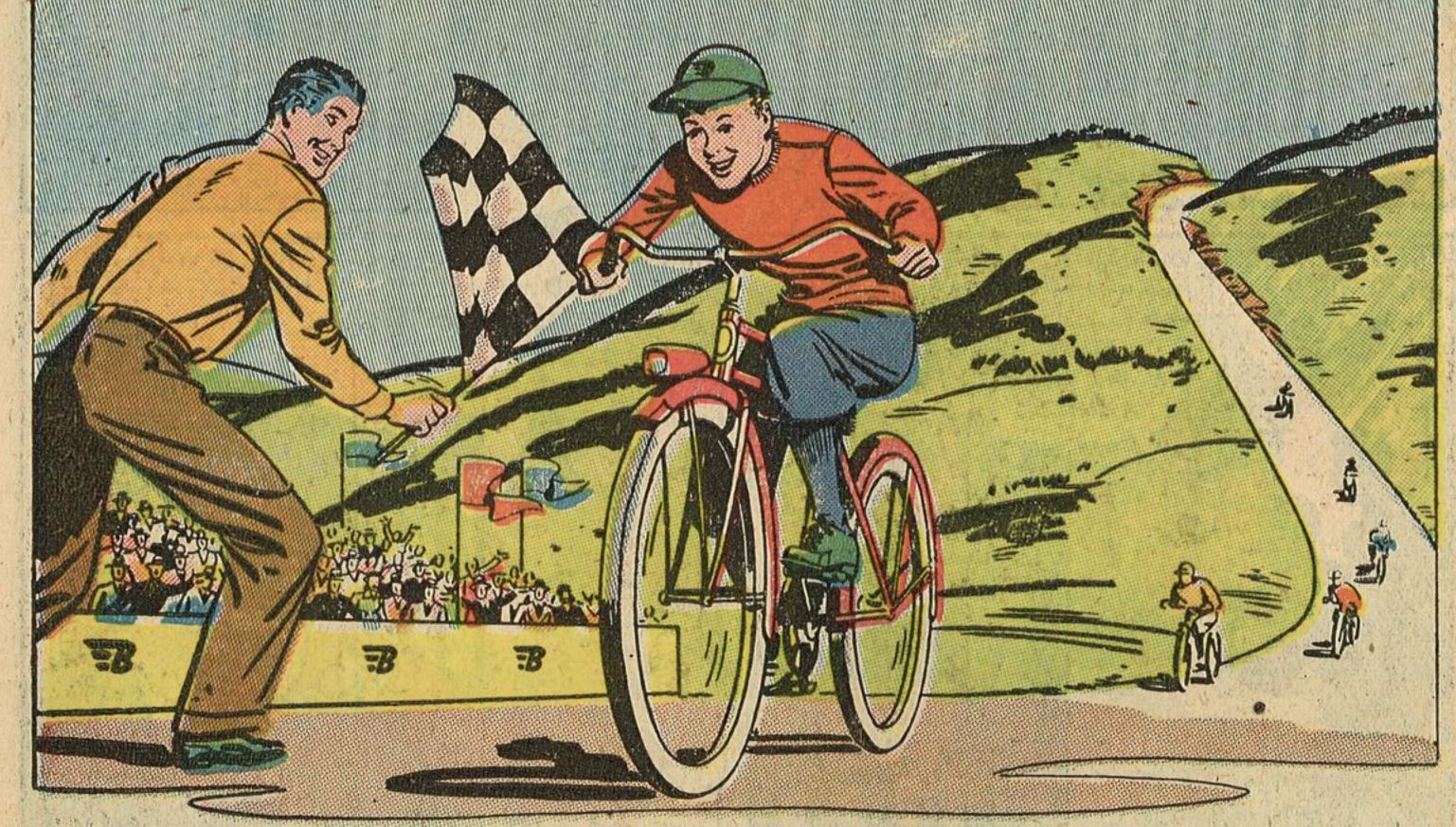




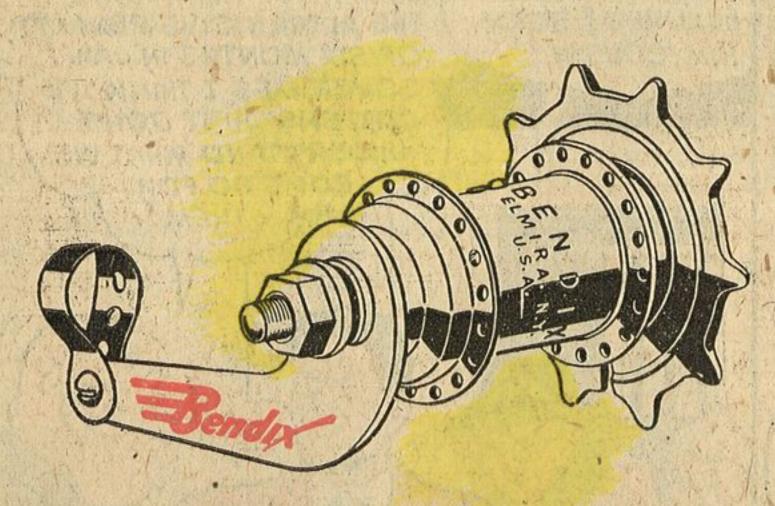




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FREG. U. S. PAT. OFF



FIREWORKS

RICH BROS.' ALL-AMERICAN ASSORTMENT

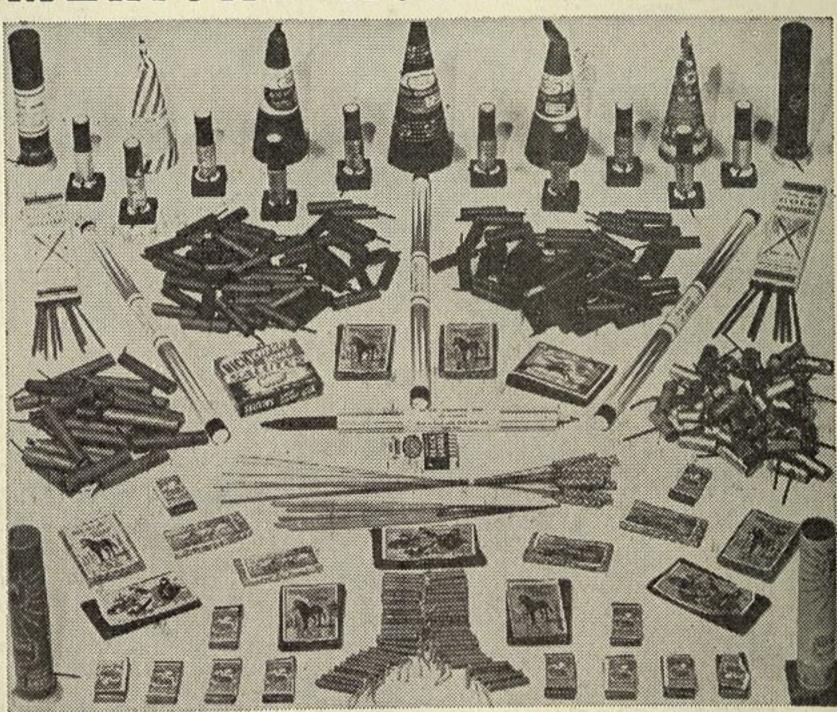
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HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM = INSTEAD SHAME



LISTEN HERE, I'D SMASH YOUR FACE ... ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.



OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU LITTLE BOY

THE BIG BULLY

I'LL GET EVEN

SOME DAY

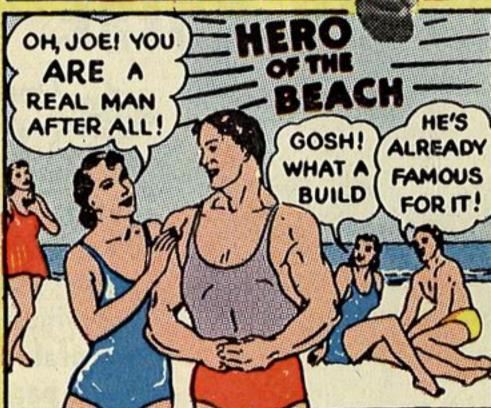


BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!









Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim - then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MAN-HOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

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Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say - see how they looked before and after - in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for

YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 330U, 115 East 23rd St., New York10, N.Y.



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CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 U. 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

- actual photo of

Name				Age	
1				plainly)	
Address					

Zone No. City.....State......State.....